

Spying Snape

by aturia

Snape did as Dumbledore asked, he returned to Voldemort...a short rhyming poetic snippet.

Poetry

Chapter 1 of 1

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Spying Snape

When Voldemort again arose,
Snape once more donned Death Eater clothes,
When Dumbledore did ask:
"If you're ready, if you're prepared."
In that moment his soul was bared;
His tragic past and horrendous mistakes,
Came back to strike like a vicious Slytherin snake.
To the Dark Lord Snape did return,
Left arm hurting, a fierce burn;
Skull tattoo darkening in the night,
He convinced himself, *This was right*.
But with a heavy heart and dread in his bones,
He Apparated to the place of tomb stones.
Where destiny led back in history,
With reminders of his past misery;

The day he took that hideous mark,
Was the instant he was bound to the dark.
And now fourteen years later he crept back,
And took up his place in Voldemort's pack,
To wreck, ravage, and destroy,
Whatever was the Dark Lord's joy.
And so our poor Snape, a secret spy he did make,
Playing both sides on the double take;
One for Light and one for Dark;
Undercover agent man, not a lark!
Dodging plots with subterfuge,
Never was he another's stooge;
Using his wits and his guile,
Trying to stay alive for a little while.
Seeing things so evil, so vile,
Depraved acts, there was no denial;
But to survive another day,
He had to push his conscience away.
Hiding behind his mind's protection,
With an Occlumency shield deflection;
Few could breach his psychic defense,
Except for Voldemort, if he took too much offense.
Still Snape could fortify himself from these attacks,
He had learned a few tricks and he had the knack,
In telling the Dark Lord part-truth and half a lie,
He wouldn't have to worry or deny,
His version of slightly tweaked facts;
A subtle reality with indiscernible tracks.
For information is ammunition,
Influencing either side's position;
Skillfully gathered by this perceptive sleuth,
Applying underhanded tactics to learn the real truth.
A maestro of manipulative schemes,
Orchestrating discord amongst evil's regime,
Secretly conducting the Order's rehearsed plan,
Performing a cunning ruse inside the Death Eater clan.
He had retaken this glamour-less position,
Returning to the other side of his own volition;
Who else could get the low-down from Voldemort's cult?
For no other had Snape's background to get results.

A/N: This little poetic snippet was written after Book Five was published, so it's obviously not canon and will probably be very AU once Book Seven comes out.